A

POETICAL DESCRIPTION

OF

NEW SOUTH-END.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

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MAY

A

POETICAL DESCRIPTION

OF

NEW SOUTH-END,

IN THE COUNTY OF ESSEX,

AND ITS VICINITY.

LONDON:
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MAY

Errata line 8 for Town read Town
line 52 for side read site
Line 211 for you read your

NEW SOUTH-END.

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

GODDESS of ſong! that erſt inſpir'd the lays
Of tuneful Bards recording Baia's praiſe;
And thou ſweet Nymph of Health, Hygeia, lend
Thy welcome aid to celebrate SOUTH-END.

Where Thames in ampler current laves the ſhore,
With Ocean ſoon to join his liquid ſtore;
Hard by the princely rivers northern bound,
The ancient town of Prittlewell is found.

High Turrets far conſpicuous to the Main,
(A lofty ſea-mark) grace the aſpiring fane:
So by the Saxons call'd, tradition tells,
For wholeſome Waters, and ſalubrious Wells:
Where the delighted eye with tranſport roves
O'er fruitful vales, green hills, and ſhady groves:
A rural healthy ſpot, a calm retreat,
Where ſocial intercourſe and friendſhip meet;
Friendſhip, that lib'ral, free, and unconfin'd,
Diſplays the upright heart, the virtuous mind.
Here let the Muſe a character rehearſe;
That well deſerves a tributary verſe;
While Charity ſhall warm the human breaſt
Thy worth, O, H—rb—t! ſhall remain confeſt:
'Tis thine the helpleſs Widow's ſoul to cheer,
To wipe the tender Orphan's trickling tear.
Oft from the wretch that felt affliction's blow,
Thy ready aid has baniſh'd want and woe.
Pure flow thy precepts with inſtruction fraught,
Well haſt thou practis'd what thoſe precepts taught;

Clear

Clear is thine argument, thy genius bright,
Thy manners eaſy, gentle, and polite.
Let others meanly hoard their uſeleſs pelf;
And center all their ſordid joys in ſelf!
To better fame thy feeling heart aſpires,
Thy gen'rous boſom glows with nobler fires:
Thy footſteps trace a more exalted line,
The triumph of Benevolence is thine.
South of the Village by the river's ſide,
Where the ſteep cliff o'erlooks the foaming tide;
Late a tall grove uprear'd its verdant head,
The growth of ages, venerably ſpread.
(Oft have I liſten'd in the vocal bow'r
To Philomel's ſweet notes at eve's ſtill hour:
But the fell axe its glory has deſpoil'd,
Its leafy honors lay in duſt defil'd:
Ceas'd is the warbling which we once admir'd,
To friendlier haunts the trembling birds retir'd:
The Woodman's ſtrokes reſounded thro' the glades;
The Dryads mourn'd their violated ſhades.)

The recent buildings regularly plann'd,
High on the cliff with ſouthern aſpect ſtand,
Diſpos'd with neatneſs, ſymmetry, and taſte,
In pleaſant ſide, and order aptly plac'd.
Along the front a ſpacious Terrace lies,
Whence an enchanting proſpect meets our eyes.

The Prince of Rivers with collected force,
In broader channel guides his placid courſe.
On his proud boſom Commerce ſwells the ſail,
And wafts a various freight with ev'ry gale.
Vaſt Ships for naval conflict, arm'd, advance;
The boaſt of England, and the ſcourge of France.
Britannia's colours to the breeze unfurl'd,
(Dread of her foes and envy of the world)
Defend, adorn, and dignify the ſtream;
Her Nation's glory, and her Poet's theme.

The banks with nature's rich embroid'ry gay,
A mix'd profuſion of delight diſplay.

The Cliff high-tow'ring with majeſtic pride,
The pendant willow trembling o'er the tide:
Sweet blooms the wild flow'r on the ſhrubby height,
And blended beauties entertain the ſight:
The fertile fields with golden harveſts crown'd,
The verdant meads where herds and flocks abound.

The chalky hills of Kent at diſtance riſe,
Whoſe cloud-capt ſummits ſeem to meet the ſkies:
Villas and farms are interſpers'd between,
And dales and woods diverſify the ſcene.
Afar the Medway's junction we behold,
From Kentiſh hills in long meanders roll'd:
Still on the raptur'd eye new objects preſs,
Exploring Sheepy's Iſle, and fam'd Sheerneſs:
And down the Nore the lengthen'd view extends,
Till loſt upon the main, the proſpect ends.
Hence (if you tire with gazing on the ſtream,
Or pant with heat beneath the ſolar beam,)
The ſubject cliff preſents a cooling ſhade,
For ſolitude and contemplation made.

Here

Here you may wander penſive and conceal'd,
Where art and nature join, delight to yield.
Here the forſaken maid, or ſlighted ſwain,
Who pines with hopeleſs paſſion may complain:
The anxious lover full of thought and care,
May deeply muſe upon his abſent Fair;
Carve the dear name upon the wounded trees,
And with a gentle ſigh increaſe the breeze:
Or Nymphs and Swains who baſk in Cupid's ſmile,
With am'rous talk the vacant hour beguile.
And here a friendly ſeat invites to reſt,
The weary wand'rer with fatigue oppreſt.
Embow'ring branches ſhield the winding maze,
A pleaſant labyrinth of dubious ways:
The walks by arching plants and ſhrubs confin'd,
Down the ſlop'd hill are gradually inclin'd,
'Till to the level ground their limits reach,
And guide your footſteps to the ſandy beach.

Food and convenient lodging are ſupply'd
At decent inns, whoſe Landlords well provide:

Or

Or ſoon (if more retir'd he wiſh to reſt)
A private houſe accommodates the gueſt;
In higher ſtyle you ſumptuouſly may dwell,
And fare ſuperbly at the NEW HOTEL;
On choiceſt viands elegantly dine,
And toaſt your fav'rite Laſs in gen'rous wine:
(Beyond a Poet's aim, ſince times are hard,
And wine's no bev'rage for a lowly Bard;
Content with pipe and porter to regale,
Or quaff a cooling draught of humbler ale.)
Where always ſtudious to oblige and pleaſe,
A civil hoſt conſults your taſte and eaſe;
Whoſe public rooms well-furniſh'd and complete,
In ſize extenſive, in arrangement neat,
Built on a grand and elevated ſcale,
Of gen'ral approbation cannot fail.
Where Muſic's ſound, enliv'ning and ſerene,
Diſpells each care, and baniſhes the ſpleen;
The lively notes inſpire with briſk delight
The feſtive circle, or the dance invite.

And oft with rapture mem'ry ſhall recall,
The evening banquet and the op'ning ball;
Where ſplendour, taſte, and elegance combin'd;
Tranſcendant beauty in perfection ſhin'd;
With ev'ry charm the lovely group were grac'd,
As Venus fair, and as Diana chaſte;
Not fairer on Eurota's banks were ſeen,
The Nymphs immortal of the Huntreſs Queen.
Bright the ſuſpended luſtres blaz'd on high,
With brighter radiance beam'd the ſparkling eye.
The pow'r of language fails, alas! too weak
To praiſe the ſnowy neck, the bloomy cheek;
The ſpotleſs lily, and the bluſhing roſe,
And ev'ry tint that Flora can diſcloſe,
Might ſeem to droop and fade in envious guiſe,
And yield to ſuch ſuperior charms the prize:
And as they deftly danc'd with matchleſs art,
Each look, each ſtep, each motion ſent a dart.

Would you for News or Politics enquire?
The Coffee-Room fulfils your whole deſire:

Where

Where long accounts you read at little coſt,
Detail'd in Gazetteer, or Evening Poſt:
How cruel Wars the Human Race deſtroy:
The triumphs of our hoſts, and England's joy,
When Vict'ry's arm held forth the Laurel bough,
And plac'd the Wreath on York's illuſtrious brow.
Still, ſtill, proceed! and conquer, glorious Youth!
Firm in the cauſe of Loyalty and Truth.
'Till mad Ambition to diſturb ſhall ceaſe,
And vanquiſh'd Foes ſhall ſue for laſting peace;
And prove that Britons juſt, humane, and brave,
Delight in mercy, and ſubdue to ſave.

Accounts from France, (the ſcandal of the age,)
Excite new horror, and diſgrace the page.
O Gallia, once for Loyalty ſo fam'd!
Among the firſt of pow'rful kingdoms nam'd,
How art thou fallen? how by faction torn,
Survey'd by Europe with indignant ſcorn.
A dreadful ſcene thy impious realms preſent,
Which ſad Poſterity ſhall long lament:

A murder'd King! a Country drench'd in blood!
Thy fields ſtill reeking with the purple flood!
(Curs'd be the Fiend that ſuch deſtruction plann'd!
Thrice curs'd each vile and ſacrilegious hand,
That from his throne th' Anointed Sov'reign tore,
And dy'd the Guillotine with Royal Gore.)
Law, Juſtice, Order, and Diſtinction, loſt,
Riot and rapine all thy ſtores exhauſt:
Wild anarchy and jarring diſcord reign,
And ruthleſs ſlaughter deſolates the plain;
Such benefits thy Revolution brought,
And ſuch the wonders thy Convention wrought;
Such are thy boaſted Patriots, thus they prove
Fraternity and univerſal Love:
Who ſpeciouſly profeſt a peaceful mind,
Then ruſh'd like hoſts of furies on mankind:
And on each ſacred rite profanely trod,
Traitors alike to Country! King! and God!
Let Europe learn (inſtructed by thy fate)
How dang'rous innovations in a ſtate!

Hail

Hail happy England! fav'rite of the ſkies!
Still happier if each good thou juſtly prize!
Fix'd as the rocks that guard thy ſea-girt ſhore,
While ſurges foam, and billows idly roar,
So adverſe rage thy Conſtitution braves;
Thy King no Tyrant, nor his Subjects Slaves:
A King whoſe glory ſpreads from Eaſt to Weſt,
Who like the Sun has ev'ry Climate bleſt:
Whoſe wide domains partake in equal ſhare
The genial influence of his guardian care;
A King whoſe virtuous fame and chaſte renown
With deathleſs honors grace the Britiſh Crown.
Here equal laws protect both great and ſmall,
And freedom truly is enjoy'd by all.
Concord diffuſes her celeſtial ſmile,
And plenty pours each bleſſing on thine Iſle.

If in the cooling tide you wiſh to lave,
A guide conducts you to the briny wave:

Veil'd by the awning of the cloſe machine,
You bathe ſecurely, decent, and unſeen.
If bent for exerciſe you mount your horſe,
The level Beach preſents a ſpacious courſe.
Or (ſhould a handſome edifice delight,
Plac'd among groves and in romantic ſite)
To South-Church, and the Lawn, direct you reins,
The pleaſing view ſhall well reward your pains;
Where S—mn—r dwells, of worth and fame approv'd,
A character by all rever'd and lov'd.

Would you the monuments of age ſurvey?
To Hadleigh's Village weſtward take your way!
(Here once an ancient caſtle rear'd its head,
Now o'er the plain in broken fragments ſpread;
For civil war, and many an hoſtile ball,
In proſtrate ruin laid the ſhatter'd wall;
Yet ſtill a lofty remnant of the tow'r,
Defies the force of time's conſuming pow'r.

Here

Here the ſhrill trumpet utter'd loud alarms,
The din of battle and the claſh of arms,
The victor's ſhouts, and cannon's thund'ring roar,
Spread a tremendous ſound from ſhore to ſhore;
Here valiant hands the glitt'ring faulchion graſp'd,
Proud banners wav'd, and dying warriors gaſp'd.
How chang'd the ſcene? tranquillity prevails
Along the ſilent hills, and peaceful dales;
Flocks undiſturb'd in quiet paſtures feed,
And careleſs ruſtics whiſtle o'er the mead.)

As northward from the New Hotel you go,
In eaſt direction ſtands an humbler row:
Theſe buildings riſe on more contracted ſcale,
Yet ſymmetry and neatneſs ſtill prevail:
On either ſide projects a colonade,
Where ſhelter is from rain or heat diſplay'd.
And lately near this ſpot, at vaſt expence,
(Ere water could be found) to depth immenſe

Laborious workmen pierc'd the yielding ſoil ;
At length a copious ſtore repaid their toil.
Eaſtward a ſteep and narrow road deſcends,
Which to the level plain its courſe extends.
Here, without order, ſev'ral houſes ſtand,
Scatter'd along the ſhore, and near the ſtrand ;
Some built in lofty ſtyle, of modern date,
Some long erected, and of lowly ſtate :
And on a gentle eminence in rear,
Three rows of ſmaller tenements appear.
Would you the page of Hiſtory peruſe ?
Or Proſe, or Poetry, or Novels chuſe ?
The Circulating Libraries will ſend
An ample choice of Books to ev'ry friend.

Hither, in tribes, the Citizens repair,
And leave the ſmoke of Town for purer air ;
Whirl'd in the ſtage thro' clouds of duſt they ride,
Or down the ſtream in veſſels gently glide.

Hither

Hither the man of buſineſs, or of wealth,
Retires for eaſe, or novelty, or health:
Knights, 'Squires, and Commoners increaſe the train,
And each awhile forgets his care or pain.
Down the New Road they poſt with ſwift career,
In coach and four, or humbler one-horſe chair.
The noiſy progreſs of the rattling car,
Alarms each wond'ring village near and far.
A vaſt aſtoniſhment the ruſtics feel;
John quits the Plough, and Sue the ſpinning-wheel.
Pleas'd with an object ſeldom ſeen before,
The good old houſe-wife hobbles to the door:
Men, Maids, and Children, look with eager eyes,
A face at every caſement ſhews ſurpriſe:
Quick rolls the carriage thro' the gaping throng,
Who grin and ſimper as it whiſks along.

If pleaſant proſpect, and romantic ſcene,
Salubrious air, and atmoſphere ſerene,

Sweet

Sweet rural walks, and company polite,
And courteous entertainment can invite;
This Bathing-Place ſhall gain a mighty name,
And ſtand conſpicuous in the liſts of Fame;
Tho' no Marine Pavilion it can boaſt,
Nor Royal Gueſts have viſited the Coaſt.
And ſoon Thalia's pleaſures ſhall be ſhar'd,
A decent Theatre is now prepar'd.

Here with prophetic view the Bard deſcries,
Streets ſhall extend, and lofty domes ariſe;
'Till New South-End in each ſpectator's eye,
With Weymouth, Margate, or Brighthelmſtone, vie.

FINIS.